

September 10-11-12-13, 1982, p. 5

and the First National Bank--not in that order. First I went to the NEWS and paid the \$80 dollars or so for the Calendar ad for four issues of the NEWS in September. Phil and Rosemary were friendliness itself and we chatted as if we were old friends. Phil remarked: "I get the feeling that you have moved back to town. Have you?" No, I said. I was there also to purchase a second copy of the July 28 NEWS and also two extra copies of the current issue and I had my seventy-five cents all poised to pay and Phil remarked: "Please. Advertisers get free copies." He was playing "Lord Bountiful" and I humbly accepted the largesse and he was pleased and I was pleased and I shortly thereafter took my leave. I went to the Post Office and picked up the mail. There were no Calendar orders in the box except the three from Rosemary Heth that I already knew about. I was very pleased with her three orders and she told me about them when I spoke to her on the phone about the ad. I went to the First National Bank before I went to the NEWS. I went with HLRP. She to do her banking and I to do mine. I withdrew \$110 from the Griswold Reunion account for part of the Griswold stone repairs in Clinton Cemetery. The Griswold Reunion still owes me \$40. From the Bank I went to the News and HLRP went shopping. After the NEWS I went to the Post Office and that is where I met HLRP. We went out home and lunched. WSP and HLRP had lamb and I had this and that from the refrigerator: I hate lamb. After luncheon I went into town and met Tomaine at McDonnells and we chatted there about the photography show and then went to the Library. I have already set to paper Friday afternoon. Friday evening, what did I do? Yes, I did a promotional mailing for NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA. Two-hundred and twenty-two copies, I believe. One of the Maplewood issues and one of the photography issues: both have twenty-four pages, and I did half and half. It was good that I had this mailing to do because the Calendars did not arrive on Friday as Stephen promised me they would. As I type this, almost a week later (Thursday, September 16), the Calendars still have not arrived in Pennsylvania. If they do not arrive tomorrow I will strangle Stephen. He has had the mechanicals for the calendar since August 10th. His tardiness is unforgivable. Just as I abhor lamb, so too I abhor tardiness. At any rate, I prepared the bulk mailing on Friday night and also got the odds and ends orders for single copies of NORTHEASTERN PENNSYLVANIA ready for mailing on Saturday morning: all back issues to Marguerite Nagurney, all but one of the back issues to Zlotucha. I went to bed late and got up at nine and got ready for my interview with Kevin O'Hara at 11:30. At 10 I arrived at the Post Office and did the bulk mailing. All went well and I went to Scranton and met Kevin O'Hara and he interviewed me for over an hour and it went beautifully. He wrote over 14 pages of notes as he talked to me. He practically had to shut me up. Carbondale City Hall is, of course, one of my favorite topics of conversation and so I had a great deal to say. O'Hara showed me a photograph of myself that someone from the Tribune took of me during the Pioneer Days parade. I am handing out leaflets in the photograph. As I recall the photograph is an excellent one of me. Kevin O'Hara is going to do a feature story on me in the Scrantonian of September 18th. I can hardly wait to see what he writes. I felt that the interview went very well and so I am anxious to see the feature. O'Hara also showed me a couple of photographs of City Hall that were taken in the 1950s and they are very nice photographs--taken from the steps of St. Rose, lots of old cars in the photographs, City Hall very visible through the trees. We shall see. After the interview I drove to Carbondale and met Tomaine at McDonnell's and we went over to 301 and began working on the room. That I talk about above. On Saturday night I watched television with WSP and HLRP and that was very pleasant. WE all three enjoyed a special on Broadway and it was filled with one show stopper

September 10-11-12-13, 1982, page 6

after another and that was all very exhilarating. After HLRP and WSP withdrew for the evening, I organized and organized and relaxed and then went to bed. When I awoke on Sunday I smelled roasting meat--beef. The smell did not please me. These days I tend to eat less and less meat and I was not particularly interested in eating meat at noon when the Sunday dinner was served. I did, nevertheless, eat my share of beef, not because I wanted to but because I knew that I was expected to. What did I do after luncheon? I addressed the envelopes for the Calendar mailing and attached the labels (bulk mailing and return address) to the envelopes and inserted the particular letter to each addressee. After I finished that I went for a walk down to RTP's house and they had guests and so I continued up on the hill to the Stone/Wedeman Cemetery and down by the Water Company and when I returned to the house (RTP's) I was asked if I wanted to have a hoagie with them for dinner and I said yes and we spent an hour or so at the table. Russell and I discuss the restoration of 301. He will help with the calking of the windows and he will help me install the post for the historical marker on Sunday the 19th. We will put the post in on the 19th and then on the 25 we can simply add the top to the post and it will be an effortless installation when the public are there. Nothing to slow down the ceremonies or interrupt them. I picked some sage in the garden and took it up to the Homestead with me to dry out. At about 8 P.M. WSP drove me to the Martz bus station in Scranton and that was that. I got the 9:35 P.M. bus which got me back to New York at 12:55 P.M. On Saturday afternoon when I finished cleaning up in 301 I went outside into Memorial Park and picked up papers and garbage. I was very quietly going about my business and was not displeased to notice that my civic efforts were noted by many passers by. Several people spoke to me in ways that made it clear that they thought that I was doing a great service to the city, that I was performing a great service for the city. I didn't deny the fact that I was but "humbly" and "self-effacingly" stated: "Well someone has got to do it." Several of the merchants who have businesses on Park Place and on Sixth Avenue noticed me I think. I was hoping that they would. When I finished picking up papers in the Park I returned to the Homestead and "connected up" with RTP and we drove over to Scott High School and collected up the remains of a 4-H Show in which April was showing rabbits and in which William and Laura also had exhibits (though I do not know what). We disassembled the "coop"/"barn" and took it back to RD Carbondale.